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Personal & Regimental

Toronto

Captain M. Drury has returned to Stanley Barracks, Toronto, after spending the past six months in Kingston attending the Staff College Preparatory Course at the Royal Military College. He has resumed his duties as regimental adjutant.

Major Baty and S.M.I. Dowdell, are at present conducting a provisional school of cavalry at Prescott, Ont.

The Hammond family have blossomed forth in the glory of a Ford car, — (plus a few accessories.) Captain Hammond in learning to drive has exhibited all the dash and spirit which has made him internationally famous in the horse show world.

Major E. L. Caldwell spent several days at Camp Borden last month acting as president of the board of officers supervising the written examinations of Canadian candidates writing for admittance to the Royal Air Force Staff College.

Lt.-Col. D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., and the officers Stanley Barracks entertained at Dinner in the Officer's Mess on Thursday, March 21, in honour of His Honour the Lt.-Governor of Ontario.

In addition to the officers of the Garrison the following guests were present:—Maj.-Gen. V. A. S. Williams, C.B., C.M.G.; Honorary Col. Royal Canadian Dragoons; Brig.-Gen. A. H. Bell, C.M.G., D.S.O.; Brig.-Gen. D. C. Draper, C.M.G., D.S.O.; Col. T. L. Kennedy, M.L.A.; Lt.-Col. Torrance Beardmore; Lt.-Col. W. A. Rhoades, D.S.O., M.C.; Lt.-Col. E. J. Renaud, O.B.E.; Lt.-Col. J. Ewart Osborne, D.S.O.; Lt. Col. W. A. Moore, V.D.; Geo. W. Beardmore, Esq., M.F.H.; Inspector C. D. La Nauze, R.C.M.P.; Rev. J. R. MacLean; Angus C. Heighington, Esq.; Dr. Murray MacFarlane; and Captain E. Haldenby, M.C.

We are pleased to report that G. M. Walsh who has been serious-

ly ill in Christie Street Hospital is back at duty again.

All ranks at Stanley Barracks were genuinely sorry to bid adieu to Lieut. W. E. Gillespie upon his transfer to St. Johns, Que., and were glad to welcome Lieut. W. G. D. Chadwick back to his old station after two years sojourn with the "Country Squadron".

Inspector C. D. La Nauze, R.C.M.P., entertained the officers of the Royal Canadian Dragoons at a most delightful informal supper at his home, 16 Glen Elm Avenue, on Sunday, April 2nd.

"B" Squadron have been training a Musical Ride under the direction of S.S.M. J. Copeland, D.C.M., for the Military Tournament which will be held in the "Soli-seum" Toronto, in May.

Q.M.S.I. F. Cox has undergone a rather painful operation in Christie St. Hospital, Toronto, but we are pleased to hear that it has been very successful, and that our congenial friend "Freddie" is progressing favourably.

Incidentally among the Old Comrades Smoker was our friend No. 14531, Ex-Tpr. F. Doyle, late of "B" and "C" squadrons who journeyed from Winnipeg especially to attend the re-union. He spent a very happy week amongst his old comrades and stated that he would carry to all others of the old regiment the wonderful time he received and the best wishes to those from the Association that he may meet in the west.

Mr. W. Jamieson, late of "A" Squadron during the recent scrap passed through Toronto recently and paid a call at Stanley Barracks. He is now residing at Long Island, New York.

THE MIGHTY HAVE FALLEN

The Stanley Barracks Sergeants Cribbage Team, who won the championship of the Toronto Garrison Sergeants Cribbage League for the past five years, and won several cups outright, finished in

the cellar position this year. Possibly they considered that they could not be beaten and took things easy. Nevertheless it has happened, and most assuredly will spur them on to greater efforts next year.

R.C.D. SERGEANTS' MESS BALL.

The Annual Ball of the R.C.D., Sgts. Mess was held on Wednesday night, March 27th, and was attended by a large representative crowd of all the Military units in the Toronto Garrison and, also of Military District No. 2.

The gymnasium was wonderfully decorated and presented a pleasing picture, especially the varied colours of the ladies dresses combined with the red, blue and khaki uniforms of the Military and the black and white of the civilian guests.

Brig. Gen. H. H. Bell, C.M.G., G.S.O., D.O.C., M.D. No 2, and Mrs Bell graced the ball with their presence, together with Col. Parsons; and Mrs. Parsons, Lt.-Coi. Rhoades and Mrs. Rhoades, Lt.-Col. D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., and Mrs. Bowie, and all the Officers of the Stanley Barracks Garrison and their family.

It was pleasing to note the large number of Ex-W.O's and Sergis. of the Regiment who attended the function.

A buffet lunch was served in the Mess building and it was hardly large enough to accommodate the huge number of guests. It was admitted by all that it was of the most successful ball of all time.

St. Johns.

A small but jolly gathering met in the Officers' Mess on Thursday night, April 11th on the occasion of the departure of Maj. and Mrs. Balders, (R.C.R.) and Capt. Hunter, R.C.A.M.C. from the Station and the arrival of Lieut. Gillespie, R.C.D., to the Station. Major Balders will depart shortly to take over his new duties with the Halifax Coy. of the R.C.R., Lieut. Gillespies came to this Station from

Toronto on the first of the month, replacing Lieut. Chadwick.

Capt. Holloway, The R.C.R., Adjutant, R.M.C., Kingston, accompanied by Mrs. Holloway who are spending a few days at the barracks the guests of Major Balders also honoured us by their presence at dinner.

Besides the guests of honour, the following were present:

Maj. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O.
Capt. and Mrs. G. F. Berteau, R.C.D.

Capt. Grant, R.C.D.
Capt. Nicholls, R.C.R.
Capt. and Mrs. Wood, R.C.D.
N/S Wurtele

On Wednesday, April 3rd, Maj. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., Station Commandant, gave a tea in the Officers' Mess to the mothers and children of the Cavalry Barracks.

It was a thoroughly enjoyable party and the romping merry children took full advantage of the opportunity, not forgetting all the good things that went with it.

The following have been taken on strength of "A" Squadron recently: Tpr. T. Harman, (Special enlistment for Officers' Mess. Appointed L/Cpl.) Tpr. C. Graham; Tpr. W. A. Gill, (late of R.O.A.C. and 17th/21st Lancers) Tpr. C. J. Quarterly, (late 1st King's Dragoons.) We extend them a hearty welcome.

Tpr. "Paddy" Wells has returned to "A" Squadron and all ranks are delighted to have him back with them again. Paddy has already begun preparations for the wedding on the 24th of May.

The Hospital Staff had a splendid opportunity to put in practice their extensive knowledge to surgery, S.M. Curruthers, R.C.C.S., and L/Cpl. Wellard (Spike) having undergone operations of a minor (?) nature. Other inmates at present are Q.M.S. Snape and Sgt. Pearson, R.C.A.S.C. who expect to be discharged shortly.

Tommy Howe paid a flying visit to the canteen recently. (His excuse was that he wished to pay his



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Goat subscription.) The Phat Coach is looking very well indeed.

Brig.-Gen. W. B. King, C.M.G., paid a visit to the Barracks on the 9th of April. He attended the Vimy Banquet in the evening.

The Annual Dinner for past and present Officers of the Royal Canadian Dragoons will be held at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que., on Saturday April 27th.

Cavalry Barracks was very well represented at the Vimy Banquet held in the Legion Hall on April 9th, the guest of honour being Gen. W. B. M. King, C.M.G.

L. G. Gage, the new president of the local branch of the B.E.S.L. officiated performing the duties of his office most creditably.

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Squadron in the person of "Tich" Martin was a visitor to St. Johns on the night of the Vimy Banquet in the Canadian Legion Hall. Unfortunately "Tich" is a very busy man (I think he said he was on the staff of the Humane Society) and was unable to remain overnight and meet his many old comrades

at the Barracks. He promises to pay us a visit soon, however, when we can assure him he will be heartily welcomed.

We wish to extend our official welcome to Lieut. Gillespie and trust that he finds his new surroundings congenial.

also wish to express their thanks to Freddy Powell for coming from Montreal for the occasion. Fred although somewhat of an iconoclast depicted true comradeship coming from such a distance. We enjoyed his company, and hope to see him at many more re-unions.

Perhaps mention should be made here of many others who sent regrets at not being able to attend among them Lt.-Col. Walker Bell, D.S.O.

Thus ended the fourth annual re-union of the Association with an attendance of 143, including ex-members of the K.E.H., R.C.H.A., L.S.H. (R.C.) F.G.H. and our sister Regt. The 1st Royals.

In conclusion the Executive wish to thank the City of Toronto, the Radio Stations that offered their facilities, and all those who contributed to making the re-union worth while.

Those Dear Old Faces

Faces, faces, face. Hundreds of smiling, good-natured faces. That's my recollection of that never-to-be-forgotten Saturday night, when at Stanley Barracks, I came in contact with men whom I had expected to never see again.

This meeting is the finest thing I have experienced since demobilization. So many faces! It is incredible that so many years can have left them so unaltered.

Few seem any the worse for wear. I suppose they must be considerably older. None look it. In some cases one notes the faces are cleaner. Most are prosperous looking and if the world has dealt kindly with them, they deserve it.

I have not yet realized I've actually seen those chaps again. So many of 'em! That's the surprising thing. One night is not long enough. I found it impossible to make the rounds. Would be chewing the rag with some old crony when another would appear in some other part of the room. He must be attended to. Off I'd go in his direction, but meeting some other dear old familiar face en route, would fail to reach him. Throughout the night I seemed to be going about in circles. Was

now anticipated by the committee that a great many voices would be heard, so an entertainer Mr. Arthur Yule with a voice like a fog horn was employed. Well even he could not be heard above the talk fest. Another entertainer Mr. Ernie Bruce not to be discouraged by the fate of the preceding artist played the bagpipes and xylophone and therefore was heard to some extent. The orchestra under Mr. Chas. Musgrave led the community singing, the idea being to shout out your song and you could have it.

Now every Dragoon knows that no meeting of the clan would be right without "Flanagan's Band" so S.S. Maj. Copeland kindly led the band to the stage, and the crescendos, or what have you echoed through the Gym.

The "Executive" were particularly pleased to see the representative of "A" Sqdn. at the gathering, and hereby thank the Officer Commanding of this Sqdn. They

drugged with joy. The night all too short and I've yet to shake the hands of many who are still very much alive and kicking.

What a damned fine thing it



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was! What absolute joy to know that the friendships formed overseas can survive the ten or twelve years interval and be as strong as ever. I'm simply bustin' to give expression to what's in my heart but words won't come. It is impossible to express myself. To me that Saturday night was stupendous and I now know it is possible to weep for joy. Not that I did so but the tears were dangerously close at times.

This re-union makes life seem more worth while somehow or other.

To others do I leave the job of furnishing details of the evening's programme. My time was fully taken up in going about from one friend to another. This was more than sufficient. Speeches were made and entertainers provided but I wanted none of either. Just to shake hands with these chaps and hear their voices again was better than all the dry old speeches in the universe.

My memory of this evening is confined solely to the many good and stout fellows with whom I did my very little bit during the days of warfare.

Concerts, cheese and pickled onions, beer, speeches, etc., were but incidentals as far as I was concerned and their absence have passed unnoticed.

The old gang was there and that's all I wanted.

It was my first re-union and probably that's why I may sound somewhat sloppy about it.

Sloppy or not I'll again state most emphatically that it was absolutely the finest thing I have experienced since demobilization.

My humble but very hearty thanks to you all who made this possible.

Until next year, Cheerio, and may the world continue to treat us all so kindly.

Bytown Bits.

Air Force Enchanges:—Three Royal Canadian Air Force officers from headquarters here left recently for England, where they will be attached on exchange for a period of two years to the Royal Air Force, while three Royal Air Force officers who have been on exchange in Canada for two years are returning to England.

They are: Squadron Leader D.

C. M. Hume, Flight Lieut. H. W. Hewson and Flying Officer R. E. London. It is expected that one more officer will have his name added to the list within a few weeks, although no decision has yet been reached concerning him.

It is expected that four other Royal Air Force officers will arrive shortly in Canada, where they will be attached to the Royal Canadian Air Force. The names of those who will come to Canada are not yet known. They will replace Squadron Leader John Sadler, Flight Lieut. H. W. Heslip and Flying Officer J. A. Young.

Now Commands District:—The appointment of Colonel T. V. Anderson, D.S.O., who has been Director of Training at Headquarters to command M.D. No. 10 at Winnipeg has been announced from National Defence Headquarters. He succeeds Major-General J. H. Elmsley, C.M.G., D.S.O., who is retiring to enjoy a well earned pension. Gen. Elmsley has had over 30 years service in the Permanent Force, over half of which was served in the Royal Canadian Dragoons. With the late Major-General Lessard, Major-General Victor Williams and Brigadier General Nelles, he did much to make the N.P. Cavalry what it is today and many officers now occupying senior posts can look back with a great deal of pleasure at the various courses at Stanley Barracks when General Elmsley was doing duty there.

A bel ideal of a soldier and a man of sound judgment, he will be followed by the best wishes of his friends from one end of the country to the other and the hope that he may be spared many years to take advantage of the rest that is coming to him.

Bred in the Bone:—The old adage "like father, like son" was beautifully demonstrated a couple of weeks ago, when Master Freddy Henshaw, aged 3 years, son of Major F. R. Henshaw, M.C., Asst. Director of Intelligence, at Headquarters, wandered away from home and was found thirty blocks away from his own hearth stone, after the S.O.S. had been out for several hours. The wide open spaces will have no terror for this lad, when he joins up with the R.C.E., in about twenty years' time.

Held Military Night:—At a recent meeting of Prince of Wales

Lodge A.F. and A.M., the chairs were all filled by Officers and Staff Sergeants of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards. Maj. E. B. Nelson, M.C., 2nd in Command, is the Worshipful Master for the year and the candidate for admission was Squadron Sergeant Maj. Alex Kerr of "B" Squadron. There has always a strong representation of the craft in the P.L.D.G.

The Origin:—The bass and makinonge season in Ontario is to be extended 15 days this autumn. Hence the term "poor fish."

Honored Foch:—Officers and men of the Governor General's Foot Guards paid striking tribute to the memory of Marshal Foch at a parade held recently in the Drill Hall. The Guards stood to attention while the band played "La Marseillaise." Lt. Col. Beresford Topp, C.M.G., D.S.O. was in charge of the parade. The unit also presented arms while "God Save the King" was being played, in token of thanks for His Majesty's recovery.

Unity of the English and French in Canada and of the two nationalities across the seas was referred to by the commanding officer in speaking about Marshal Foch.

On the day of the funeral, Mar. 26th, a memorial service was held on Parliament Hill, which was attended by the leading functionaries of church and state. The band of the G.G.F.G. and the pipers of the 38th Highlanders were present and rendered appropriate music. The massed trumpeters and buglers of the garrison under Bugle Major Day sounded Last Post and Reveille. His Excellency the Governor General was represented by Lieut. Col. H. Willis O'Connor, D.S.O., A.D.C.

Changes at H.Q.:—Important changes in the personnel of headquarters staffs of the Militia services, Department of National Defence, have been announced by G. J. Desbarats, Deputy Minister of National Defence, and bring four new senior officers to headquarters in Ottawa.

Lieut. Col. H. E. Boak, D.S.O., now commanding the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery, Kingston, Ont., becomes Director of Military Training and Staff Duties under

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the Chief of General Staff, succeeding Col. T. V. Anderson whose promotion to command of a District was announced recently:

To General Staff—Lieut. Col. H. D. G. Crerar, D.S.O., R.C.A., Professor of Tactics for the past year at R.M.C., Kingston, is appointed General Staff Officer, Grade 1, at headquarters.

Colonel F. A. Lister, D.S.O., the R.C.R., Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General, Military District No. 1, London, Ont., is appointed Director of Organization and Personal Services, under the Adjutant-General succeeding Col. Claude H. Hill.

Lieut.-Col. G. F. Loggie, R.C.O.C., District Ordnance Officer, Military District No. 10, Winnipeg is appointed Director of Equipment and Ordnance, under the Quartermaster-General, succeeding Colonel C. M. Gillin, R.C.O.C., who, on expiration of his term of appointment, is appointed District Ordnance Officer, Military District Ordnance Officer, Military District No. 2 Toronto, Ont.

Another appointment is that of Major L. C. Goodeve, D.S.O., R.C.A. to the post of Professor of Tactics, Royal Military College, Kingston, to succeed Colonel Crerar.

Colonel H. F. H. Hertzberg, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.C., the R.C.E., now General Staff Officer at the R.M.C., Kingston, is appointed General Staff Officer, Military District No. 2, Toronto.

Colonel J. L. R. Parsons, C.M.G., D.S.O., P.P.C.L.I., now General Staff Officer, Military District No. 2 Toronto, is appointed General Staff Officer, Military District No. 11, Victoria, B.C.

Lieut. Col. G. R. Pearkes, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., the P.P.C.C.I., General Staff Officer, Military District No. 11, Victoria, B.C., is appointed General Staff Officer of the Royal Military College, Kingston.

Takes Over Command:—Major G. W. Ross, M.M., Officer Commanding No. 4 Company 3rd C.M.G., Battalion has gone to the Reserve of Officers and his place has been filled by the promotion of Captain H. A. Travers, M.M. Major Ross had a long and distinguished service having started his military life with the South African 2nd Contingent. He also served with the Machine Guns during

the whole period of the late war, gaining his commission in the field.

Dragoons Dinner:—The annual dinner of the Officers of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, was held on the 5th instant at the Chateau Laurier. It was originally intended to have it the 26th of March, but the date was changed to the one this month. About 40 past and present officers were present the guest of the evening being Brigadier W. B. Anderson, D.S.O., Commanding M.D. No. 3. Later in the evening the party adjourned to the P.L.D.G. mess where sessions of the poker players were held with results successful to some and disastrous to others.

Vimy Dinner:—A number of officers of the Ottawa garrison held an impromptu dinner at the Ottawa Golf Club on the evening of the 9th in commemoration of the Battle of Vimy Ridge. The meeting sent a cablegram of greeting to Baron Byng of Vimy.

Red Patch Party:—The annual dinner of the Red Chevron Society will be held on the evening of the 22nd at the Windsor Hotel in Hull. It is expected that the chair will be taken by Major General J. H. MacBrien.

Garrison Sergeants' Dance:—The annual dance of the Ottawa and Hull Garrison Sergeants Association was held on the evening of the 5th at the Windsor Hotel Hull. Some 200 were present the guests including a number of visitors from out of town garrisons.

Cavalry Dance:—The annual dance given by the Warrant Officers, Staff Sergeants and Sergeants of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards was held in the Wembley on the evening of the 12th instant. The guests were received by Regimental Sergeant Major C. R. Lee, W.O., and Mrs. Lee and numbered over 200. Dancing was enjoyed until a late hour and those present included the ex-commanding officers of the regiment in addition to the officers on active strength.

Get a Derrick.

"I can't seem to place your face," said the plastic surgeon to the lady whose face he had difficulty in lifting.

**S.S.M.I. CHARLES SMITH,
I.C., R.C.D.**

On Saturday, April 6th, the Sergeants' Mess was the scene of a delightful Smoker given in farewell to S.S.M.I. "Charlie" Smith, I.C., R.C.D. on his departure from the Station to enter civil occupation in Brantford, Ont.

Charlie was the recipient of two very nice presentations on this occasion, one a most useful handbag from the members of the Sergeants' Mess, (not far from the border, Charlie!)—the other a beautiful smoking stand presented by the honorary members.

Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., Station Commandant, presented the gift from the members of the mess and in a few well-chosen remarks conveyed the best wishes of all to our old comrade in his endeavour to settle once again in civil life.

Mr. Henry Allen, St. Johns, on behalf of the honorary members, presented the smoking stand! During the course of his remarks he stated that it was the opinion of many civilians that "soldiers re-entering civil life after a long period of military service, seldom made good." This he hotly decried as very unjust, unfair and absolutely unfounded; adding that his personal contact with many had proven otherwise, all of whom he knew had certainly made good, due mainly to the discipline inculcated in the army which taught self-discipline in the individual. Besides this form of discipline was passed from the soldier to his progeny thereby fitting them in turn to become the most valued and best class of citizen.

Q.M.S.I. Wardell, D.C.M., I.C., R.C.D., the chairman (a close personal friend of Charlie and one who served with him for many years) pointed out in his concluding remarks that it was to his serving comrades that one had to turn in order to arrive at a correct appreciation of a soldier's military worth and in this respect it would be impossible to forget one of Charlie's most outstanding qualities—"Loyalty to all ranks and to his duty."

No, Charlie, old man, we won't forget you! Your bark was worse than your bite!—You couldn't bluff us, we all knew!!

To your family and yourself go our hearty good wishes for the

future. We know you can make good and will make in your new sphere as many solid friends as you leave behind in St. Johns. We visualize the future and there we see you—owner of enormous Woolen Mills in Brantford, Ont. A great magnate in the financial world of Canada! A member of the Federal House. Last but not least the Minister of National Defence! What oh! Where would we stand then, Charlie?

"Get off that B—by, blasted Square!! What the—!! What the D—!! What's That???? What did you say????—Grrrrrrrrrr!!

TIME EX!

The writer wasn't present when Charlie was given the send off by the members of his own mess. He was in the little corner house that night but from what he could see through his spy-glass everyone had a good time and from all accounts Charlie was a great man in the opinion of those present. I was present, however, when he came into the Canteen (where the ginger-ale is sold) to receive the best wishes of "his boys" before going away, among them being some who have served with him for more years than they care to remember, while others recently joined know him mainly as their instructor. On an occasion like this it's hard to be sensible. One never says what he means. We endeavour to create a cheerful atmosphere—to assume a joyful attitude. But we know only too well that something is being taken away from us—something that we have always had with us and taken for granted—something which hurts us to lose. It's plain that Charlie is making an effort to keep control of himself (but would he admit it? No!) He scans the old faces and recalls the past—young faces beaming with admiration—their idea of a real soldier.—A few well-chosen remarks by L/Cpl. Russell and the presentation is made. Charlie's thanks and earnest entreaty to be Loyal above all things; his acknowledgement of the support always received by him in carrying out his duties followed by "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow" and it was over.

The men will always remember you, Charlie, and hope that though you have taken up the threads of civil life again you will still remember the men you leave behind

in the Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que.

SERVICE OF S.S.M.I. CHAS.
SMITH, I.C., R.C.D.

Enlisted in the R.G.A. Portsmouth, 1904 serving until April 1907. Transferred to the R.C.G.A. (No. 3 H-Coy.) at Quebec and served until 1909, holding the rank of Corporal. In 1910 joined the R.C.D. at Toronto and has served continuously with this Regiment to the time of his discharge to pension. On the formation of the R.M.C. Riding Establishment, Kingston, he was stationed there from November 1910 until November 1911 and on his return to "B" Squadron was promoted Sergeant Cook, serving in this capacity until 1913 when he returned to Regimental duty as a Troop-Sergeant.

Proceeds overseas with the Regiment. Served in France from May 1915 till September 1915 when he was severely burned at Messines and was invalided to England. Rejoined the Regiment in France in 1916 and served with them to the conclusion of the war. During this period he held the ranks of Sergeant, S.Q.M.S. and S.S.M.

Returned with the Regiment to Canada as A/R.S.M. On re-organization of the P.F. in 1919 was promoted S.S.M. of "A" Squadron and proceeded to St. Johns, P.Q. Served with "A" Squadron till his recent discharge to pension.

In September 1927 was appointed S.S.M.I. which rank he held at the time of discharge.

Holds the 1914-1915 Star, General Service, Victory and Long Service and Good Conduct Medals.

Letters to the Editor.

932, 2nd Ave. N.W.
Calgary, Alta.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find order for \$2.00 for "The Goat" which I enjoy very much. I should like to be remembered to all the old sweats.

Had the pleasure of attending the Moreuil Wood Dinner at the Lord Strathcona Horse quarters here and enjoyed it immensely.

Yours, etc.

SAM. M. SHARP,
(late "O" Sqn.

111 Green Ave.,
Westmount, Que.

Dear Sir:

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"Goat." Regret not having sent it before.

Having been always the smartest man on parade and one of the old Seinn Feiners, also of Flannigan's Band when Jack Copeland was staff officer in charge I would like you to remember me to all the old gang.

Commonly known as
Tich Martin.
296 R.C.D. 'B' Sqn

You Know What I Mean.

There's a rumour hereabouts that Couicism is being seriously considered as a substitute for the annual manoeuvres at Petawawa.

The Prince of Wales isn't the only one to make goodwill visits.

Freddie Powell was seen loitering around Stanley Barracks recently.

S.M. Jack Copeland (a right good soldier) is the Regiment's best bet on a welcome committee.

We had much pleasure in meeting Paddy Doyle (of "C" Sqn.) recently who came all the way from the 'Peg to the Old Comrades' Reunion. It was a long jog, eh Paddy? (Printer please be sure and spell "jog" with an "o".)

Readers of "The Goat" will please send along any books they wish to dispose of to the Library in St. Johns and Tpr. Fissault would like to get hold of some good telephone numbers.

Charlie Smith's farewell party attracted many of the town's leading drinkers.

Watch this column for a wise-crack in the next issue about the new Troop Leader.

Tommy Sheehy journeyed to Montreal on April Fool's Day to see the sights. Tommy's an awful ease!

Two's company—three's—well—what about Daugherty?

Lawrence Gage was elected President of the local branch of the Legion, there being practically nobody running against him.

After reading F. W. P's. "Soldering" for the past two years we are ready to believe that the Yanks were right after all.

Ah ha, there, Winkie! You've certainly got an eye for beauty.

The boys who were complaining of pantomine poisoning don't know whether to blame Bill Manning or the School of Cookery.

There's a rumour going round that some Old Comrades were intoxicated on a recent Saturday night. Why pick on that particular Saturday?

The Office Staff, consisting of the Editor, Asst.-Editor, Advertising Manager, Circulation Manager and Statistical Manager, held a conference recently to decide on whom should rest the blame for names incorrectly spelled in "The Goat". Their findings will be published next month.

Mussolini was once a Corporal in the army. We dread to think of what would have happened to Italy had he been a Sergeant-Major.

Jock Henderson of here, thinks some of getting married. Go ahead, Jock, and take a chance is our advice.

Ye scribe wishes to recommend the Walker House in Toronto as a right good place to eat, especially if you happen to know that F.W.P. is staying there.

Some of the boys were trying to suggest the other day appropriate punishment for girls who must go home early. What about making them listen to Dan Thatcher for a short spell.

La Belle Dame: But, officer, you mustn't arrest me for speeding. I was just hurrying downtown to see my attorney.

Sans Merci: That's all right, lady. Just think of how much more you'll have to tell him now.

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1 to 5 p.m.

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A MODERN DON QUIXOTE,

by "Lou Nattick"

Sing Ho! for the days of chivalry,
And the glorious deeds that were done
When Sir Knight rode forth so blithe and free
Putting dragons and rogues on the bum,

And men could fight for their ladies fair
At the drop of a hat or sooner,
If sometimes wrong they'd divil a care
Shure, everyone makes the odd bloomer.

When a man could drink himself quite tight,
And never be termed a glutton,
And the Sunday suit was burnished bright
While rivets stood guard for the button.

But those splendid days of yore are dim,
And the trooper's lot is a sad one
He's made go groom his horse with vim
I know, for I've had some.

The tyrant above him placed in power
Makes the day of his youth more duller,
But tremble, tyrant, you've had your hour
Sing Ho! for Sir I've Fitz Buller.

Now Buller arose in all his might
To stem these oppressive waters
To fit himself for this holy fight,
He studied his favourite authors

Long hours he spent with the midnight oil,
While his comrades slumbered like sheep
The sear of shame kept his blood aboil,
He had really no use for sleep.

The mighty tomes of Edgar Wallace
Filled his soul with the fires of hell
And tales of hate in cot and palace
He culled from Ethel M. Dell.

These deep, deep works gave zest to his ire,
And he gave his passions full sway
But he flared with devastating fire
After reading (what zeal!) Bertha Clay.

Now he was ready to take the field
(Tremble, ye tyrants, oh! tremble)
And he girded on his bull-hide shield,
His spleen striving hard to disseminate.

Before encountering the serried array
Of tyrants, to their consternation,
He led himself by the hand away
To seek his inspiration.

He hied him to a deep cess-pool,
And inhaled its noxious aroma
His ink he made from a rank toad-stool
Then he felt like a second Homer.

Now he grips his envenomed pen
And sets himself for the fight,
And rids himself with splenetic phlegm
Of that which were safer to write.

Of how he made our oppressors yield
I really cannot mention,
But Buller is our sword and shield
We no longer get detention.

Sing ho! for our guard, that doughty knight
Who made our joys more fuller,
E'en if he insists on singing at night
All hail! Sir I've Fitz Buller.

L'envoie

And now, Mr. Buller, I've had my say;
I hope it meets your approbation.
I may write again, some other day,
But I won't seek adulation.

From the "Hoy Polloy" my blue-eyed boy
You should be more unassuming
Go take yourself for a dip in the lake—
If not for mine, for everyone's sake.
And don't come back, or sit on a tack.
I hope I am not presuming.

The writer wishes to thank all
members of "A" Squadron who
kindly enabled the member from
"A" Squadron to attend the
Old Comrades' Re-union by
lending him articles of civilian
clothing. "Ikey" looked so prospe-
rous that the writer very nearly
collected an outstanding account.

The Month's Best Riddle: Why
is Freddy Powell like the Babbling
Brook?

(Solvers of the above will be
awarded an autographed copy of
"Soldiering.")

That modest youth Buller called
himself an author in a recent ar-

ticle. Another case of—"Even if
I do say it myself!"

What's become of "Old Ben."
We miss his name from the monthly
despatches.

We think "The Four Just Men"
is a particularly apt "non de

Plume." "Not Quite" or "All
But" would be equally good descriptive terms.

Call the Clergyman.

A doctor declares that kissing
shortens life. We presume he
means single life.

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MILK--that is Pure, Clean, Rich always.

CREAM--fresh from the finest farms in Ontario.

BUTTERMILK--a wonderful health drink.

BUTTER--churned fresh daily from Pure Sweet Cream.

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ICE CREAM--Plain and fancy in bulk or bricks or individual servings.

City Dairy

Spadina Cres.,

Toronto.

Soldiering.

(Continued)

By F. W. Powell.

I would like to say something about the personnel of No. 1 Section, 1st Troop, "C". Without a doubt was it a unique section; one that would put years on the most hard-boiled sergeant.

For 1st Sergeant we had the redoubtable Freddie Cox, the same Freddie who is at the moment swinging the lead in Christie St. Hospital. Freddie did his damndest to make soldiers out of us. His failure no doubt accounts for his present whereabouts. Second sergeant was Perry, a rather meek and mild sort of a chap who felt his position keenly.

A. B. Martin was section commander with two stripes pinned (to facilitate speedy removal if necessary) on his sleeve.

The No. 1 of the section was about the best of 'em all. His name was Powell, F.W. Hell of a smart soldier and all that sort of thing.

Then came No. 2; a Yankee, by name, Andy Thomas. He achieved notoriety as the world's champion lead-swinger.

No. 3 was Eddie LeMaistre, a signaller with a most generous mother who sent him oodles of parcels. This made Eddie extremely popular with us all.

Then came E. Ged. Green. For want of a better word he was known as a trumpeter. No living man ever heard this chap really trumpet but just the same he wore trumpets on his sleeve; so what more do you want. Martin christened him 'rot' Green, for it seemed that he was just on the verge of dissolution. Anything that came along attacked Green. Boils made his life miserable for months. To see Georgie making his painful way to the M.O. would bring tears to our eyes; to hear him say over and over again what an unlucky swab he was made one wish to hurry him along to his eternal home. Whenever possible, Green would ride through the village in the early morning making noises with his trumpet to awaken us. The combination of a rough horse and an imperfect knowledge of trumpeting, terminated in a glorious mess of weird, unpleasing noises.

Liggins was another shining member of our section. His shining

propensities were his undoing. Liggins shone like to the rising sun. So marked was the difference between Liggins and myself that the officer paid more personal attention to me than had Liggins been elsewhere. Can you blame me for disliking Liggins?

Then there was Pearson who was a farrier. At that time I was a signaller so Martin found himself always badly off for duty men.

With us also was Climie, a dour Scot who spoke only when tight. On these occasions he'd always burden me with his troubles, family and otherwise. In spite of this I liked Climie and am sorry I have lost touch with him.

Martin often tells me how proud he was of this section and I can quite believe it. Liggins was the poshest thing we had and LeMaistre came second. Green made some attempt at attaining the desired soldierly appearance but the remainder were filch-birds more or less. As for Martin he managed to get away with leather buttons on his tunic permanently. This favouritism angered me. Coming back from leave, there would be nothing about my person that could be polished even if the desire had been there. Leather buttons cannot be beaten for utility. In my case they would last rarely more than a week. First day on parade Newky would order me to get a set of brass buttons from the Quarter. For about a week I'd dodge the column until, running out of excuse, then on would go the brass buttons and the leather ones carefully placed away for future use. Martin, also, managed to retain his officer's cap. Where did you get the pull, A.B.?

Seemingly it was difficult to get this section on parade on time and hereby hangs a tale. We were warned one evening to turn out early the following morning because of an inspection at some distant spot. Brass hats, as you probably know, love punctuality in others. That's why we always spent hours in the rain and the cold awaiting their appearance. No matter how heavy the rain, the cloak would remain nicely rolled on the back arch of the saddle.

Long before the appearance of Majesty in the shape of General Somebody-or-other, we'd be soaked and correspondingly cheerful. Invariably the first order given by this man when he did appear, was to put cloaks on. No sooner would the cloak also be soaked than out would come the sun and the wet thing would have to be rolled again. Glory be to God for supplying wisdom to modern Armies. The cloak is no longer rolled I believe. No wonder they have a so much more holier type of man in the army to-day. There is absolutely nothing left to make them otherwise. Anyway that's just by the way. This morning we were buzzing about in our private stable as happy as you please, and were considerably startled to hear Parry's voice yelling "Turn out." Heaven's, is it that late? Parry appears in the doorway of our stable, looks in, and to our surprise mutters "Oh, my God", turns pale and reels away. Not a single one of us had commenced to saddle. We hurried through this performance, went down the long hill at the mad gallop, joined the parade as it was about to move off and were thrilled to hear Newky blinding us heartily as he placed the whole section under arrest, including Martin, who should have known better. Newky's outburst had but little effect on our young lives but it will be a long, long time before I forget Parry's "Oh, my God."

The winter was drawing on and with the approach of Christmas came word that a Pioneer Battalion was to be formed. This came about and they left for the line late in December, just after Nobby Ellis was promoted to S.S.M.

This party was not gone long before we all wished we had formed part of it. Each man left behind had to care for three and sometimes four horses. One is a handful. More is a burden. Managed to get along somehow, however. Which prompts the question I now place before you. If I could not succeed in properly cleaning one horse in a stated period, how the devil am I to do four in the same time? Right first time, I just didn't and that's the answer.

For something to do we would give little dinner parties. We'd buy some chickens and other things and get the woman of the billet to attend to the necessary cooking of same. These little dinners were

quite delightful but for one drawback. The civilians with their cousins and their aunts and their grandmothers would join the few and when supplies are limited these additions are a nuisance. As long as I live I'll remember the marvellous capacity of the son of Madame Peequery, aged about 8. How the little glutton could eat! Easily more than two full grown men. As this happened to be my party, had to appear happy to have the little beast with us. My fervent prayers that he would choke or die or do something horrible to take him from our midst were unavailing, and he was going strong when we were exhausted.

Christmas dinner was held in the School House and was a complete success. Bags to eat and lots to drink. As soon as the officers had made their formal call we proceeded to enjoy ourselves. The Sergeant's waited upon us and did nobly. Good to find them useful as well as ornamental. They with us gradually became gloriously pickled. The party growing too uproarious, Martin, Mynott, Holditch and myself withdrew for a game of bridge at the billet. last memory of this party is Bill Campbell in the arms of Sgt. Warren and both singing the sloppiest, slushiest, sentimental, dirty ever written. Honest, Bill, that's a fact. You've forgotten, but I never can. Matter of fact it is that which sent us away to bridge.

The Sergeants had their do on New Year's Eve but were ungenerous enough to leave us uninviited. Happening to pass their place of merriment at midnight, Nobby Ellis and Paddy Walshe came to the gate and bade me join them. Had they not been drunk this could not have happened. Anyway, they bore with them a vessel containing rum and insisted, (I coyly resisted but they overcame my objections) that I join them in singing success to the New Year. Being almost as bad as themselves I joined them in singing a merry roundelay in the middle of the road, drank more rum, swore eternal friendship, and then hurried to my virtuous couch for that shape over there looked uncommonly like the orderly officer.

Neither Nobby or Paddy can possibly remember this for both were completely non compos mentis.

(To be continued)



For Aroma!

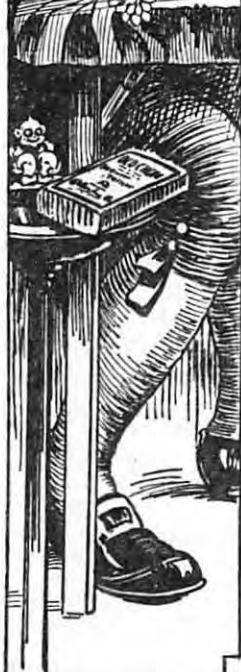
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"The TOBACCO of QUALITY"

Reminiscences of Service with the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

By Major R. B. Nordheimer, M.C.

CHAPTER THREE.

September 26th was spent in checking up troop rolls, cabin allotments and those who were fortunate enough to obtain "shore leave," said farewell to their families, friends and sweethearts. At six o'clock all "shore leave" was cancelled and at midnight we steamed slowly down the St. Lawrence. Monday, September 28th saw us anchored in the narrows between Gaspe and Anticosti awaiting the arrival of the complete convoy.

What a remarkable sight those assembled transports presented. As far as the eye could see the water was spotted with ships of all sizes and description, and small launches darted in and out, loaded with curious natives waving greetings and "God Speed" to Canada's contribution to the Empire. Our time was occupied by day in giving the men lectures, inspecting equipment, receiving lectures on "Tactics" etc., from the Senior Officers, and indulging in games of "Shuffle Board," "Deck Cricket" and other ship pastimes. In the evening, poker was the recognized game, and seldom a night passed without "Lady Luck" adding to my financial status.

On October 1st, we counted 18 transports assembled and a report was current that we would put out to sea in the morning. All sorts of war rumours were current, most of them optimistic, which made some of the impatient ones fear the war would be over before we arrived. At 3.30 p.m. Saturday, October 3rd, the convoy got underway, and moved out to sea. There were 28 transports escorted by three cruisers, and it made a most impressive spectacle. A concert was held on board our ship, "Laurentic" and some very excellent material was uncovered. Jimmy James sang his famous "Trumpeter" song which, as always, received well merited applause. Much time and thought was spent in working up lectures on "Scouting," a subject which except in

in the case of Field Days and Manoeuvres, was hardly ever put into use with the possible exception of the first day in a new village, where much aptitude in this branch of study was displayed by all ranks.

On October 3rd, we picked up the 1st Class Battle Cruiser "Gloria" which added to our feeling of safety. On the same date, the "Royal George" lost a man overboard and the "Tunisian" had considerable trouble with her steering gear, causing quite a flurry. The weather was warm and delightful, the food excellent and with unlimited supplies in the bar, the voyage presented a splendid vista of war in its more romantic stage. The next few days were devoid of much excitement but Gilman managed to win the ship's "pool" twice in succession, which created considerable comment and murmurings were heard that he was in league with the ship's engineer. On October 10th, the "Princess Royal" of the super-dreadnought class, joined our escort, bringing the escort to seven warships.

On the evening of October 11th, a minor celebration was held which lasted well into the small hours of the morning, and ended Walker Bell's tenure as Adjutant. After the merry-makers had retired presumably to rest, a game of football developed in the cabin passageway much to the annoyance of the C.O. Repeated orders to "cease fire" having been ignored, and the O.C. Ship, Lt.-Col. "Jo-Jo" Hill, having been driven to cover by a bombardment of shoes, the Adjutant became the victim of displeasure and was removed from his appointment on the spot. An order was issued that the next person found out of his cabin would be put in arrest, resulting in an innocent victim being the "goat." Poor "Buster" Kingsford, who had slept throughout the whole affair, was aroused by an unusual volley of boots and on opening his cabin door to see what it was all about, ran into the arms of Colonel Nelles, who promptly

put him in arrest, in spite of his protests. Such is life.

In speaking of the O.C. Ship, I cannot overlook the fact that the R.C.D.'s did not recognize Col. Hill as such. It was most amusing to see the other Infantry and Medical Corps Officers enter the saloon for dinner, on the arrival of Colonel Hill, while the R.C.D. Officers took their tip from Colonel Nelles, and entered or left the saloon according to his arrival or departure.

There was a Y.M.C.A. Officer on board who was the most credulous person I have ever encountered. Williams our Quartermaster, late of the Thiel Detective Agency, and others, spent hours filling this poor unfortunate with stories of German spies, etc., and whispered to him that a plot was on foot to sink the ship. One day they rushed to his cabin and told him that a spy had gotten into the hold, and was boring a hole with a gimlet, in order to sink the ship. Quite out of his mind with fright our young Christian, rushed to the bridge and informed the captain of the fate his vessel was in danger of. The poor man hardly ever got over it, when he realized it was all a joke and relapsed into a state of depression for the remainder of the trip.

On Wednesday, October 15th, we sighted "Lands End" and at 11:30 a.m. we were met by two torpedo boat destroyers who escorted us past lines of cruisers as far as Eddystone Light which was reached at 2 p.m. We suddenly turned at sharp right angles and steamed into Plymouth and the first stage of the "Great Adventure" was over. I shall never forget the sight that met our eyes as we moved slowly up the river. The banks were lined with cheering throngs, training ships, including the famous Nelson Flagship "The Victory" were manned with spotless middies and as we passed into the harbour the piers were a black mass of cheering and waving people. So the 1st Canadian Expeditionary Force reached the shores of the Motherland, and received a message from Lord Kitchener which warmed every heart. The following telegram was handed to Colonel V. A. S. Williams, Expeditionary Force Commander on his arrival in port.

"Officer Commanding 1st Canadian Contingent."

Will you please convey my greet-

ings to the splendid Canadian Contingent which has just reached these shores to take their share in the cause of the Mother Country. I am confident that they will play their part with gallantry and show by their soldierly bearing, that they worthily represent the great Dominion from which they come. They may be always sure that I will do my best to forward their interests.

KITCHENER."

"ENGLAND FOR EVER."

The following article regarding the illness of King George appeared in *El Sol* published in Madrid. It was written by "Heliofilo" whose daily contributions are featured on the front page:

King George's convalescence has begun, and I, who have followed his illness attentively and with increasing interest, now feel that the word "convalescence" sounds musical in my ears; it suggests beautiful music—the last chord of a piece played by a marvellous orchestra.

Throughout the long period of pain and anxiety, how much serenity, how much harmony, how much sincerity. What deep and grave sonority in the voice of the patient, in the low murmur of his people, in the grave accent of the doctors. There comes a moment of thundering and trepidation, of resounding orchestral effects, when the two Princes start on their great rush across Africa to reach London.

The Monarch declines *piano dulcissimo*.... His revival is a methodical crescendo, like a dawn, the instruments filling his lungs little by little with air, air for a lifetime.

What wonderful soloists are those five or six doctors, who have revealed themselves to the world as such consummate artists. They have known how to forget both the public and the crown on the head of their patient. Their daily bulletins were the pure truth. They reminded one of those famous communiqués on the War which, confessing reverses, expressed the greatness of England better than when they registered victories. Exceptional virtues in men who play their instruments at the foot of a throne!

O England, where word is bond, country of fair play, you deserve immortality. May you be forgiven for having men, May you be forgiven for having invented football!

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Hardware, Glass, Oils, Paints
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In the Spotlight.

We the Four Just Men, being of sound mind and in the best of health, (up to the time of going to press), do hereby make known our resolutions in allowing our literature to be approved for publication in the "Goat."

(1) To place before the reading public any incident or event that we deem worthy of interest.

(2) To refrain from using any actual names, thereby removing any cause for bad feeling among the readers of the "Goat."

(3) To permit 'no scandal or such remarks as we consider scandal to be published in the 'Goat' as lies within our power to prevent it.

(4) To give full scope to such of our readers who consider that they possess any literary genius, and to develop such new talent as may come to light, as lies within our power.

The foregoing resolutions were all duly passed at a meeting called to inquire into the sad end of our friends "Buller" and "Debout", and to pass a resolution of regret for their sudden and perhaps to be regretted demise.

The Second Troop—When jumping horses over a low jump such as a bough of a tree or a plank of wood laid on the ground, it is considered a breach of etiquette to leave the horse and take the jump independent of the beast. If one insists on standing on his head, it is considered bad manners to jump over the horse's head to take the position.

One and three is four (Criticism cordially invited.)

Query! Which is the Sick Lines, and which the 1st Troop Sables?

The Sick Line Wallah is up in arms, as he complains that he has a few patients who refuse to get well, and who he claims are trying to ous; him out of his position. He fears that his reputation as a Vet. is at stake. Cheer up Cy. remember the old motto "Kill or Cure," and you have at least two ways of getting rid of them.

The fact that we have had a lot of beef lately, must in no wise be connected with the casting of several of our old horses, even if the beef was tough.

Who was the good rider who spoilt one of our good horses recently?

We wish to make known our grateful appreciation of the delightful monologue broadcasted by "Sunny-Boy" from the rear of the exercise ride these last few mornings.

While we greatly appreciate any contributions to this column, we wish it to be made known that manuscripts will on no account be returned unless the author at least sends in his name and address, plus the usual stamped envelope.

This Spring training is most complicated except to those who know all. The other day we were asked to conform to the command, "By Sections to the front file." The only answer we can find, and it is not in C.T. is "Head half-right—Gallop."

Now that we are nearing the end of our Spring Training, (not Cleaning) it behooves us to make a few remarks concerning same. First Troop (we have to say something about this troop or we will be accused of being prejudiced) have learned to "Tell off by Sections" and "Number" correctly four out of five times, Second Troop are learning the rudiments of jumping one behind the other, each man remaining on the horse's back (his own horse of course) both before the horse takes off, and after. Third Troop—Ah—this is the ti-bit. Third Troop are learning to SING under the joint teaching of Professors Sunny Boy and Old Man Sunshine. They can already render the "Village Blacksmith" without very much noise.

It is rumoured that the "Battleship" is contemplating making an offer for the previously mentioned articles of Hughie, for his own use when he makes his debut into civilian life once more.

The following was found in the effects of the late "Buller," and we publish it as we know it would be his wish.

My dear Buller, for the information of those interested in the doing of Hughie, the articles of interest are packed away in the Old Hope Chest, where they will remain until we find someone else whom we consider fit to wear them.

Business in Guelph is very slow according to our Guelph correspondent, the best buy this week being \$12.00 for a \$7.00 pair of breeches. Again we are forced to remark "What a Price."

The Rabbit Fund is reaching better days. At one time it looked as if the outcome would be a trip to Woolworth's. Our prediction is that the last man will be the lucky one, providing he is the Treasurer. —Who said he had red hair?

Another rumour which seems to be reasonable is that the entire 'B' Sqn. Hockey Team has received an offer to turn pro. We are uncertain as to whether the offer was put forward by 'A' Coy. the R.C.R.

THE FOUR JUST MEN.

Horseback Riding for Everybody.

With the tremendous increase in the popularity of horseback riding for pleasure and its natural health-giving results, we find that the great majority of these riders are recruited from the thousands of indoor workers in our cities and towns, says Mr. W. R. Campbell, of Los Angeles, Cal. Naturally, time for recreation is very limited for these thousands of indoor workers, and we find that they usually ride horseback from one to two hours at a time. This brings about the necessity for wide bridle paths being provided close to their homes, with quicker street car or bus transportation to take them to the stables where horses may be hired and the ride started directly on these wide bridle paths for flat riding.

An hour or two of this brisk, snappy horseback riding on these wide bridle paths fills the riders

with exhilaration and really gives them much more exercise and consequent health and high spirits than a whole day of horseback riding on a narrow trail, which of necessity, in most cases, must be done with the horses going in walk. Unfortunately, the present situation practically throughout the whole of the United States, is that there are miles and miles of these narrow single-file trails, but only a very few miles of wide bridle paths for "flat riding" quickly available for frequent use to our thousands of city workers.

These wide bridle paths should be lined with evergreen trees on one side and with shadowless electric lights on the other side, so that our thousands of indoor workers can enjoy healthful outdoor recreation at night.

It is gratifying to know that the movement towards daylight saving is growing in many localities through our country, and with this advantageous plan universally in effect we will have added another valuable means to make it possible for more indoor workers to get their horseback riding after working hours.

Much happiness to you and to your children will be the reward for the time that you take to know and love your horse. In learning to handle your horse and to improve your own form in horseback riding you will find a neverending interest that will carry you on to happiness through years and years to come. Your children, especially, will take an extraordinary interest in this side of the recreation of horseback riding and will live over and over the experiences of riding horseback together in groups through beautifully wooded stretches on model bridle paths.

Small Acre Estates.

In California there is now being planned a 200-ft. wide boulevard running out of the city of Los Angeles for a distance of forty miles. This 200-ft. wide roadway is to be divided with 12-ft. for a sidewalk, 72-ft. for motor trucks, 72-ft. for highspeed passenger automobiles and 40-ft. for wide bridle paths, lined with evergreen trees on one side, some of which will be orange trees, with their delightful scented blossoms permeating the air. On the other side of this 40-ft. wide bridle path will be shadowless

electric lights, so that everybody may enjoy their horseback ride in the evening every day after work. Naturally, all along this system of motor ways and wide bridle paths, small estates from 2 acres up will prove most attractive to people who work in the city, but, who desire to have a country home with all of the facilities of the city, and at the same time have a few horses of their own, on their own place, to enjoy. Then a few minutes in their motors speedily takes them to their place of business in the city. Living under such conditions as these will indeed be real living.

THE WISDOM OF HORSE SENSE

P. B. Prior.

(In the Human Pleader)

Jerry's life had been a turbulent one. His first master had looked upon horses as he did upon his farm machinery—something to help in turning out the work, and the many cruel and careless drivers had gradually made the beautiful brown horse fear and shun all men. Even the gentle Frenchman, Louis Blondeau, who later bought him and took him to his Perris Valley homestead, failed to win his friendship, though he loved horses, and treated them with the kind consideration he did his own workmen. He always had a band of young horses and colts ranging the hill, and it was his boast that he never allowed one to be "roped" or frightened, and he proved the soundness of his methods by being able to catch one at any time he wished. His favorite expression, when speaking to them was: "Horse, heem almost talk."

It was harvest time, Jerry, being strong and willing, and a fast walker, was put on the lead team of the combined harvester. Dolly, his mate, seemed to fill a new place in his forlorn and rebellious young life, and the two soon became inseparable. All the devotion which should have been maintained naturally through the years was lavished upon Dolly, his working companion.

At last, one hot December day, the work was finished, for a combined harvester cuts and threshes

and sacks the grain in one operation. The noon whistle blew as the long string of horses were driven home. The harvesting teams had earned a rest. Quickly the men stripped the harness from the faithful animals and turned them into the pasture, where after a good roll, they galloped off to the river, in search of a cool drink.

Louis watched with satisfaction the last dark form disappear over the brow of the hill, then his practical eye turned to the strength of his fences. An hour or more had passed in this absorbing task when, suddenly, he became aware that an animal was approaching, and he was surprised to see Jerry, usually so indifferent and timid, coming up to him as he thought on a definite errand. He would run up and whinny, then circle back, and the next moment Louis would feel a nudge at his elbow, and for a time the horse would follow him from place to place, as he worked. Jerry's friendly manner pleased Louis, yet at the same time, he was puzzled at his strange behavior. The mystery was solved when a neighbor rode up from the river road and called out: "Good luck I happened along just now; I found that star-faced mare of yours floundering in the river. She had caught her foot in the halter, and was in a serious position when I reached her."

"Bravo, bravo!" cried the Frenchman, grasping his friend's hand. "I you thank" for in his excitement he could hardly think how to express himself in English words. "Jerry, thank you, too, for you save Dolly, his mate; him been in trouble all afternoon; he be all right now."

True enough, for the words hardly had been spoken, when they heard the sound of hoofs, and saw the herd approaching in a cloud of dust. Dolly, showing small trace of the struggle through which she had passed, triumphantly in the lead. With a snort of joy, Jerry was off to meet her, and together they led the band down into the green paddock. Louis looked long and lovingly at the re-united pair, then said slowly in his broken English: "Horses, heem can almost talk!"

Motto for Modern Co-Educational Colleges.

"Petter now than never."

The following letter appeared in one of our English contemporaries and shows that the Province of Quebec is not the only place worried with this nuisance:

DOGS AT HORSE SHOWS

Sir,—I do not think that I have been at any horse or agricultural show for the last thirty years (and I attend a great number every year) without hearing a dog or dogs cursed freely, fluently and well; and yet I have never heard of a genuine protest against their presence being raised. Is it not time that show committees gave instructions to their secretaries to bar all dogs, not on a lead, at the entrance gates; and to make a charge for any dog, lead or otherwise, to the

stands. An exception might be made where a dog show is held in conjunction with the actual show.

At almost every horse show some infernal dog rushes into the ring and upsets the manners of some, otherwise tractable, horse; it happens time after time. In the stands, too, a usually well conducted dog is continually mistaking a brown riding boot for a post, and if one discovers in time and mildly curses the "perfect little gentleman," some woman owner looks at one as if she would like to slay you alive. At Islington last week dogs were being led about in the none too wide promenade, mistress going one side and dog 'tother of passing people. No one is more fond of dogs than I am. But there is a place for everything, and horse and agricultural shows are not places for dogs.

Are We Downhearted?

(By Llewellyn Hughes)

The "arrowing account of Private Orricks' 'eart-rending struggle for the V.C."

It was getting dark. Private Orricks, slithering into the supports, realized that the newly captured territory from whence he had come was being systematically strafed by a very peeved enemy.

In the midst of the inferno he had spent the major portion of the afternoon repairing the telephone line from his field battery to the O. Pip. During the course of that delightful occupation his face had become set, voided of all expression. In its roundness and whiteness it was somewhat wistful—and utterly blank.

Weighed down by his coil of telephone wire, signaller's outfit, knapsack, gas mask, tin-lizzie helmet, army shoes, and the Somme mud that clung to him like a Scot's shawl, Private Orricks leaned against the parapet and permitted himself the dubious pleasure of watching a corporal haul rations down a company dugout.

"Are we down'earted?" he murmured to himself, giving utterance to the popular saying, the orthodox answer of which was a loud and cheerful "No!" But for once hunger and misery and deadened nerves forbade the negative. "Yus," piped Private Orricks, "we are—a bit."

The last of the delectable rations were making their disappearance down the steps when something dropped out through a hole in one

of the sacks. Noiselessly it sank in the mud. Private Orricks fished it out. It was a jar of strawberry jam.

"Cripes!" he whispered, and waited, jar in hand, intending to do his bounden duty and return to the corporal.

From the steps of the dugout came a series of irate roarings, ex postulations and choice oaths that made Private Orricks blink his eyes.

"Of all the dash-blank fools!" he heard. "Robbery, that's what it is. Are you there, Brigade? Demmit! are you there? My God! they don't answer. Get that signaller at once for me, corporal! This is a deuce of a business. The colonel will be frantic. Find Mr. Reed for me! Call the sergeant!"

Private Orricks, prepared for the worse, braced himself against the parapet, and stretching out a quivering arm, offered up the jam in silent token of his innocence.

The corporal, however, flying from the dugout as from a plague ignored him. Running down the trench he was instantly lost to sight.

He was immediately followed up the steps by a captain whose continued imprecations against some one rumbled like thunder in his massive throat. He possessed a most stern and warlike visage. Private Orricks' unfortunate eyes had ever gazed upon. Discretion instantly had the better part of valor. To offer up that jar of jam at the present moment would

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have been suicide. Putting his trust in the Lord, Private Orricks hid the jam behind his back.

"Who are you?" came the thunder. "What's your name?"

"Yessir," said Private Orricks.

"You're a signaller, aren't you?" The captain's voice drowned out the crash of shells on either side of the trench.

"At-tached to t-the ar-artillery, sir."

"Don't care a damn what you're attached to," was the roar. "Loosen yourself at once—and get busy. We're out of touch with Brigade. The line's broken. Hop to it!" he shouted.

Not a muscle of Private Orricks' white face so much as twitched. It couldn't.

So it wasn't the jam, then? Something more important, like. Something terribly important by the look on the captain's face.

"Hurry, you fool, you idiot! There's going to be the very dickens of a row about this!"

Staring at him in a wistful dread, Private Orricks was engaged in a furtive and desperate effort to stuff the jam into his haversack.

"Yessir," he gulped.

"Signal back to me the moment you've repaired the line."

"Yessir."

Private Orricks was motivated automatically. Something frightful was up. What was it? Nothing less than a main attack by the enemy. Yes, they was probably coming through in 'undreds of thousands, and Brigade 'ad to be notified at all costs. Well he, Private Orricks, would be the means of that, by jingo! Yus, his name would be in all London papers. Private Orricks, V.C. of the Royal Field Artillery: the gallant 'ero what saved the British army from disaster.

It was quite dark now. Methodically, phlegmatically, Private Orricks found the telephone line, climbed over the parapet, and started to trace the break by holding the wire in his right hand and letting it run through his fingers.

Swee-ee-ee-ss-ssh! Wham!

The explosion tossed Private Orricks aside, jack-rabbed him into a shell hole partly filled with water. For one awful moment he almost got all his body behind and into his tin lizzie.

Wee-ee-ee-phut! Bamm! Crash! That over, Private Orricks lifted

a round, white face from under his helmet, took stock of the situation, then crawled forward on his hands and knees until he had located the telephone wire again.

Yus, 'e'd get promotion for this. Perhaps a bit of a pension, like. They'd parade 'im before the general to 'ave a blooming medal pinned on 'is chest.

Somewhere behind him he imagined thousands of soldiers getting ready to repel the attack. Do or die, every blooming one of 'em. And that captain!! What price 'im for a soldier! Kill a dozen of the enemy with one look—and eat 'em afterward.

Cr-cr-crash! Sw-is-ish bang!

Yus, men standing to their bayonets, N.C.O.'s shouting orders, lieutenants gripping their revolvers, major and colonels prepared to fight to the death.

Yus, and everything depending on 'im to save the day. They'd give 'im a week's leave in London. They'd be carrying 'im around on their shoulders, cheering 'im wherever 'e went—free drinks in the pubs—

Whee-ee-ee-plop! Zoom! Crump!

A piece of shell knocked off his tin lizzie, sent it humming. Private Orricks went after it, groped round, found it, and jammed it on just in time to shelter his 'ead from a storm of falling stones and dirt.

"Pity the pore sailors on a night like this," he said, once more feeling the telephone wire running through his fingers.

On he crawled, down and up shell holes, over and under barbed wire, through pools of slimy water that smelled to heaven, on—on—to a broken telephone wire and glory.

He ducked. There was a blinding flash close beside him: the blooming shell what 'ad 'is number on it—all but the last decimal, like.

The violent explosion singed Private Orricks' eyebrows, and, for a few moments, completely deafened him. He lay flattened out, motionless, his face buried in the mud. One might have thought him dead. But inch by inch the tin lizzie came up to disclose a round, white face.

"Better luck the next time," he said.

Yus, a blooming V.C. at the least, a week's leave in Blighty, promotion, 'is picture in the paper's and a visit from the king,

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as you might say.

"Whatto!"

The end of the telephone wire had slipped through his fingers. He had found the break.

Ss-ss-ss-ssh! Whack!

Pulling the two ends into a shell hole, Private Orricks set about the task of splicing them together. All over but the shouting, like. Yus, the worst part of 'is job was finished. 'E 'ad gone through 'em again.

Line almost fixed. That there captain would be thanking 'im for it in a minute. A soldier, that captain! Must feed men like that on raw meat.

Private Orricks signalled in that the line was clear. Then, in a moment of exaltation, he decided to listen in on the captain's thrilling message to Brigade. Might be historic, like.

Smack! Whee-ee-ee-wham! Crash!

"Brigade? Are you there? This is Captain Loring. Look here, the colonel will be furious! You've damn well sent us plum-and-apple again—instead of that strawberry you promised—"

Private Orricks' dream of fame vanished. He sat down and blinked. Then, taking something out of his haversack, he tore off the cover and dipped two dirty fingers into the contents.

"Are we down'earted?" he asked. "No!"

LOVE AFFAIR

New-made friend, the fruit of a chance meeting:

A new hand's pressure, and stranger's eyes.

A glance of swift appraisal and surmise,

And then two lips that smiled a friendly greeting:

A new-born love—kisses—a little cheating:

Some letters, very warm and not too wise:

A walk or two, beneath new-brightened skies:

A sense that time was short, and youth was fleeting—

Such was our love affair: a breathless whirl

Of little joys and griefs: a fragile song

Too poignant to endure for very long—

Too slight, for hopes and dreams to build upon it;

For you, my dear, were just another girl,

As sure as this is just another sonnet.

N.R.J. (In Life)

Happy Thoughts.

"I've been trying to think of a word for two weeks."

"What about fortnight?"

"Here and There in the Daily Press."

Can anyone equal this?

Paragraph from the New Sun. "Woodward ordered to produce children in court within twenty-four hours

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,

Author.

(By Geo. B. Leonard, In the Golden Book.)

We have become so accustomed to thinking of Bonaparte as an author par excellence, as a genius of the pen rather than the sword, that we have forgotten he was trained—I almost said destined—to become a great military leader. Such, however, was indeed the case. Entering the Ecole Militaire at Brienne, he passed from there five years later to the Military School at Paris, from which he was commissioned the following year. It is both curious and interesting to note in passing that his professor of history at Brienne has testified in writing that "he (Napoleon Bonaparte) will go far if circumstances are favourable." Go far he did, but not in the sense which the worthy professor implied, for the conditions which he deemed favourable were unfavorable for him as an officer, albeit congenial to his advancement in the realm of letters. Hence, two years after he had become a lieutenant of artillery, we find him again in Paris commencing his first novel. Never again did he resume the sword, for, with his father dead, it became incumbent upon him and his elder brother to provide for the creature comforts of the impoverished family, to assure his three younger brothers of an education, and his two sisters of a competent dowry. Little hope to achieve this in an army ragged and ill-organized, poorly paid at best, and too often paid not at all. So he forsook the art of war for the art of writing, or rather, I should say, he combined the two, and became the man of letters as we know him to-day.

It is profitless to conjecture as to how far he might have gone towards making real history of imaginary history had the conditions been more favourable in the manner inferred by his professor. It is idle to speculate as to the latitude and depth of his genius, as to whether it extended to fields of endeavour other than the production of literature. All of this, I repeat, is unremunerative and yet, on the whole, so tempting that I find myself succumbing thereto in spite of my better judgment. As

an author, he seems so happily to have found his proper niche, that to consider him a misfit appears absurd. Such, nevertheless, I personally must consider him, despite the high regard I have for his literary abilities, despite his merited success and renown as an author. High though he ranks to-day, unimpeachable though his fame, both are insignificant in comparison to what might have been accorded him had circumstances been 'more favourable,' and permitted him to follow the career for which he was trained.

Let us briefly recall the conditions obtaining in France at the time when Bonaparte renounced his lieutenancy in the army to become a private citizen. The Revolution had not as yet reached its more virulent phase, but the fuse leading to the huge powder magazine was already lighted and sputtering. And it was to the accompaniment of this gigantic explosion and upheaval that his first published novel appeared, a book of little merit in itself, but full of rich future promise. The favour accorded it, while fleeting, was sufficient to gain him recognition in the world of belles-lettres, to inspire him with hopes of even greater success; in short, to impregnate him with the mania for writing to the exclusion of all other considerations. The events occurring around him were of secondary importance, affording him only material which he employed so well in the years to come. Yet it was a time particularly propitious for a soldier; a period of strife and turmoil within and without, of a leaderless people clamouring for a leader. He himself must have visualized the opportunity which he missed due to his literary preoccupation when, in later years he wrote that masterpiece, *The Curse of Genius*, of which I shall have more to say anon. That Bonaparte was not entirely in sympathy with the revolutionary movement is readily perceptible in a cursory perusal of his writings; that he was not, on the other hand, greatly grieved at the downfall of the existing monarchy is, I believe, clearly evinced by his

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total lack of understanding and commiseration with an inexperienced king and queen too severely punished for a crime which was one of omission, rather than commission. This is to be expected, though, in a man who was primarily an officer, and secondarily an author; and this Bonaparte was at all times. Consequently, he beauty founded upon inherent ability, but an authority, rather than heredity. Humanity was divided into those who are to be served, and those who serve; into the master and the servant; into the officer and the private. So he could not wholeheartedly subscribe to the slogan "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," then so prevalent on every lip, but his reservations were mental not active, potential not kinetic; hence he let the golden moment slip by in which he might have demonstrated his indubitable military genius. As a result, France is to-day a monarchy, instead of a republic or an empire, as it might have been had this little Corsican not been imbued with the urge to write.

Still, is it to be greatly regretted? History has lost a great character, a military genius who might have ranked with Caesar, Hannibal, and Alexander; but literature has gained her great epic hero, Geronimo Nicolo, the Corsican, or, as he was known in France, Jérôme Nicolas. Could the great Author himself have had the audacity to conceive a character of such heroic proportions, of such simple, majestic grandeur, as did this same Bonaparte? Yes, for this Geronimo Nicolo—who is he but Nabuleone Buonaparte as he conceives that he might have been had he only "found conditions more favourable," or made them so?

The parallel between the early life of this genius-author and his most famous character is readily discernable. Both are Corsicans, the avowed enemies of the French; both serve, the one in reality, the other fictitiously, to enhance the prestige of their enemy. Some critics maintain that such a comparison is groundless, that Bonaparte as an author realized the dramatic possibilities in choosing as his leading character a person of an alien and hostile race to advance the interests of those whom he hated. No doubt it was a bold touch; but it was inspired, as I conceive it, through a fidelity to his own life, and his rôle in life as he visualized it, rather than through any instinctive or premeditated desire to further literary ends. Certainly, the lad of twelve manoeuvring his pebble forces is no other than the author himself at the same age and place; and, certainly, the verisimilitude is too apparent to be disregarded. Still, the deriders of this theory contend, not without a semblance of truth, that this conceit is incompatible with the quiet, unassuming, almost retiring, nature of Bonaparte, the author. Conceit it is, I grant them—but what a magnificent conceit!

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Or is it, after all, so much vanity as a true appreciation of facts as they might have been, as the author himself deemed not only possible, but probable, had he cast his lot otherwise?

This is, I believe, the crux of the whole matter. Master of the pen though he knew himself to be, he felt that he was an even greater wielder of the sword. Ever it was thus, ever it was destined to be thus, for Bonaparte was the soldier first, the author incidentally. This Jérôme Nicolas is, then, no figment of his imagination, but himself; this young commander leading his troops onto the bridge at Arcola is no less vivid, no less real, than the young cadet attending the Ecole Militaire at Brienne. He is writing not fiction, but facts; not of things as they might have been, but as they are. It is himself who addresses those ragged and disheartened soldiers, known as the Army of Italy; it is he himself who leads them from victory to victory, from Wagram to Austerlitz, and down the reverse slope through Russia and Leipzig to the culminating disaster at Waterloo. He

sees it all, he lives it all, and, because he does, this book will ever remain a classic epic.

Strange, too, when one stops to consider that there is no philosophizing, no moralizing, no motives ascribed to account for his most inconsistent action. No. Instead, he chose to unroll it as some vast chronological panorama, to show you persons and events acting and interacting not according to any preconceived plan of rhyme or reason, but irresistibly, as if propelled by some motive force hidden and unseen towards some inevitable end. Is not this because he himself feels that, had he not diverged from his predestined path, he too would have been just such a powerless puppet as this Jérôme Nicolas? Is it not because he himself feels that he is not an author, but a chronicler of facts, that the real Author remains forever hidden, the true motives and purport forever unrevealed? Yes, it is the inevitability of this story of an ambitious man which makes it so humanly gripping; a story not of a character, but a person, and that person his own biographer.

Still, military men are inclined to scoff and deride not only the pretentiousness of the book in its broader conception, but also the knowledge of military tactics displayed therein. They read *The Curse of Genius* with a knowing smile, as if to say that, in the days of Hannibal and Ceasar, strategy, tactics, and leadership may have been deciding factors in a campaign or an engagement, but, at the time of which he wrote, when muskets and cannons had replaced spears and javelins, the superiority of numbers outweighed each and all of these considerations. According to them, a country so beset as was France by these encircling, hostile nations, even if the former had had as their leader such a military genius as Jérôme Nicolas, could not have lasted out the year. Unfortunately, this is a statement which can neither be proved nor disproved. In the time of Alexander, Hannibal, of Ceasar, preponderance of numbers did not counterbalance able leadership. As late as the time of Frederick the Great, strategy and tactics had defeated armies numerically stronger. Basic-

ally, war had not changed at the period of which Bonaparte wrote, nor, so far as that goes, has it changed yet. Whether the opposing sides throw a javelin ten yards, or shoot an arrow to ten times that distance, or fire a bullet one hundred times as far, war remains fundamentally the same, be it waged on, above, or below the surface of the earth: the victorious army is the one which has the abler commander. This these same sneering, self-styled tacticians actually admit when they concede the possibility of his success, providing, of course, that he, Jérôme Nicolas, should always find opposing him enemies as considerate as those who waged the Quadrilateral Campaign, or fought the battle of Friedland. Yet in every war there are dunderheads who unwittingly fight on the side opposite to the one whose uniform they disgrace. History is full of these well-meaning, conscientious incapables, who blunder along until their more wary opponent traps them in the commission of one of their criminal errors, and it proves disastrous. War is a game of chance,

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albeit such a gamble as poker, and not the casting of dice: the more astute usually emerges the victor. Not always, for it is necessary, when your bluff is called, to hold a winning hand; and so in Russia, at Leipzig, and at Waterloo, this self-same Jérôme Nicolas found his highest cards too low to win.

Hence, despite the belittling remarks of these military strategists, I feel we must concede that this remarkable book was written by a man who was first a soldier and then an author. Nay, by a man who was a soldier and, at the same time, his own commentator; just such another, in fact, as Caesar waging his Gallie wars, and simultaneously writing, to the sorrow of posterity, his own commentaries. Caesar's tactics were not always sound; they would not have sufficed against a leader as able and capable as himself, but they were sufficient unto his end. So with Bonaparte, the real Jérôme Nicolas, whose tactics were sound in a direct ratio to the requirements of the situation, to the astuteness of his antagonist. This once again demonstrates Bonaparte's military genius, leads us again to believe that, great as he was as a writer, yet as a soldier and a leader of soldiers his name would have been even more of a one to conjure with.

There is one other consideration, however, which leads me to think that the identity of this supposedly fictitious character and his creator is one and the same in the author's eye. In truth, it may account for their not being in reality what they were in imagination—that is the reason why Bonaparte forsook the sword for the pen. May not this be attributable to the fact that Bonaparte, aware of his own latent military ability and its possibilities, foresaw only too clearly the inevitable end of his dreams of empire? Mocking, vaunting ambition luring Alexander to a drunkard's grave, lifting the cup of poison to Hannibal's lips, pointing the daggers at Caesar's throat, sending Jérôme Nicolas to St. Helena! Great men, ignoble ends; and yet of these the last alone possessed a certain majestic grandeur in consonance with his overweening aspirations. Exiled from the land which, from hating, he has learned to love, gazing out across an intervening sea to where France, his France, beckons him on to even

greater, more superhuman efforts which he is powerless to achieve—here is tragedy, grim yet noble, inexorable yet sublime. And his passing amid the tumult of an angry nature, were it nothing else, is a master stroke, showing that, even in dying, serenity and peace were denied him whose passage through life had been accompanied by so much noise and turmoil, so much war and strife. Such was the end which Bonaparte pictured for himself should he follow his military career; pictured for himself and turned his face from it, withdrew his talents and his genius to achieve the quieter fame of literary success. What was denied him in actuality was permitted him in fancy: in the person of Jérôme Nicolas he appeared meteorlike in the firmament, reached his flaming zenith at Austerlitz, and disappeared in the thunder and lightning of St. Helena.

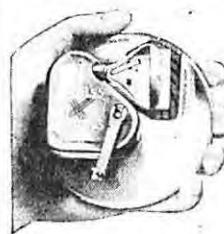
Such, though, was the mocking quality of his inordinate ambition, such his genius, that even when his goal was not the throne of a European empire, but a permanent place in the realm of letters, his book, *The Curse of Genius*, must be considered inimical to the powers that be, that Louis XVIII must deem him an author dangerous to authority, that he must be proscribed and exiled. What superb irony! Irony which could only have been more complete had this same Louis confined him on the Island of Elba, or St. Helena. But no, he was free to roam the entire world; only France, the land of his adoption, and Corsica, the land of his birth, were closed to him. So he too in reality gazed across the Straits of Dover to where his home land beckoned; so he too among his potentially implacable foes, the English, died as he had lived, in peace and serenity, an exile. He died, however, firmly convinced that Jérôme Nicolas and himself were one and the same person, that the former was himself as he might have been had he chosen deeds instead of words. There was no doubt in his mind that his were the "hands that the rod of empire might have swayed" rather than the hearts of his readers, that he might have been the master of the sword as he was of the pen. Vain, deluding ambition which led him as an author, or as a soldier, to the self-same end: exile and fame!



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